

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1918.

## Activities of Women Prominent in the Social Life of the Nation's Capital

### In the Social World

By MAUD McDOUGALL.

Of missions and plans for missions there apparently is no end. Having been visited by military and naval missions, political missions, and scientific missions, missions saying "please" and missions saying "thank you," missions showing how and missions asking how; only last week by a very distinguished educational mission, Washington has this week had on its hands a medical mission and a religious mission—each in turn of wonderfully interesting personnel.

America was figuring in the war; and a distinguished Japanese editor, who presented him with a Samurai sword.

Perhaps the most picturesque of them—personifying as he does the imperishable sentimentality and Oriental symbolism of his race—was Mr. Yasujiro Ishikawa, himself a Samurai, and editor of the leading newspaper of old—and new—Japan. It was Viscount Ishii, the Japanese Ambassador, who presented him to the President—that, in accordance with Japanese tradition, he might "arm the world's arbiter with this symbol of honorable peace." How I wish I might have been there! One's imagination riots in the wonderful language and ceremony with which a son of Japan could invest a function of the sort.

It was a wonderful old sword, forged 28 years ago—and one of the highest tokens of friendship of which the Japanese mind can conceive. And this gentleman from Japan carried something of an arsenal. For having completed his mission here, Mr. Ishikawa plans to sail for Europe and present other historic swords to President Poincaré of France, King George of England, King Albert of Belgium, and Victor Emmanuel of Italy. It is

a picturesque mission, and so thoroughly Japanese!

Mr. Ishikawa is the editor of the Yoruichi Choho—or the Tokyo Daily—one of the leading papers of Nippon. He is a gentleman of very advanced views—and of course a firm believer in equal suffrage. Referring to his gift of swords to the rulers of the leading nations with which Japan is associated in this war, he said:

"In the ideals of Bushido, the spirit of Japan, the sword is not a weapon of war but an instrument of peace. Our sires regarded it not as a tool of aggression but as a guardian of peace. We shall be glad indeed if his excellency, the President of the United States, will accept it as a symbol of an honorable peace." He is naturally most interested in the disposition to be made of Russia in the settlement that will eventually be made with Germany. "The central powers must not be allowed to recoup themselves at the expense of the Colossus of the North," Mr. Ishikawa had bought a Liberty bond here and he said that nearly all his countrymen in America had invested in them in accordance with their means.

Of the others, one doesn't know whether the medical or the religious mission was the more interesting. Certainly the churches were the more imposing—and stayed the longer and had much more fuss made over them. But perhaps it is scarcely fair to call the group of distinguished surgeons a mission at all. They were really a group of foreign delegates to the annual clinical congress of the American College of Surgeons, which was to have been held in New York last week, and was abandoned because of the influenza epidemic. Naturally, it was to have been a war congress, and to have dealt largely with surgical progress and discoveries which the war has developed. And of course the foreign delegates were, almost to a man, those who have distinguished themselves in handling the wounded, and in dealing with diseases resulting from war conditions.

When, upon reaching America, they found that the congress had been perforce abandoned, they decided to make a short tour of the country anyhow—beginning, of course, with Washington—where they were entertained by Dr. Franklin Martin, chairman of the general medical board of the Council of National Defense; Admiral Grayson, of the Naval Medical Service; and Assistant Surgeon General Charles Richard, U. S. A. The party included Sir Thomas Myles, of Dublin, formerly president of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ireland; Col. George E. Gask, D. S. C., Maj. George Grey Turner, Maj. Pierre Duval, of Paris, a member of the faculty of the University of Paris; Dr. Henry Beclera, an X-ray expert of Paris; Maj. Adrien E. Piollet, of Ambray, France; Lieut. George Loewy, an instructor at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research of New York; and Prof. Raffaele Bastianelli, a member of the faculty of the Royal University of Rome, and one of the best known surgeons in Italy.



MRS. GEORGE W. VANDERBILT.

She has volunteered her services, and also her car, to the Public Health Service for emergency transportation work.

Every one of them has "seen all sorts of scenes." In fact, the "war legend" just at present that I was told with bated breath that Sir Thomas Myles had only recently been knighted as a reward for his war service, was not true. He is the least derogating Sir Thomas was service—it undoubtedly would have won him a knighthood, as it has won that and greater honors for many another. Sir Thomas had been knighted a man who has already literally won his spurs. And Sir Thomas Myles was a celebrity long before the war broke, may, as it please him, tack most of the alphas to his name, indicating the various honorary degrees that have been conferred upon him, and was knighted at least fifteen years ago—before any one, except perhaps the Kaiser, dreamed of the war. He is something of a yachtsman, and one recalls that he used to be rather a notable cyclist, in the days when every one used a wheel, though I'm not sure that he has remained true to that love when the rest of the world forsook it. Incidentally, I believe he is surgeon to his majesty, King George when the latter happens to be in Ireland.

Col. Gask, D. S. C., F. R. C. S., and a few more things like that, used to be connected with famous St. Bartholomew's in London, and latterly has been consulting surgeon of the British Fourth army in France; and, though he has recently seen more of trenches, he used to be quite a name as a mountain climber. I don't seem to place Maj. Turner, unless he is the Dr. Turner who used to be connected with the famous Leatherhead School for the Blind, and of whose Rugby football victories I remember hearing an elderly Britisher speak with reminiscent enthusiasm. It seems more probable, however, that he is perhaps a son of that one, who it seems to me, would be "getting along" by now. And Maj. Turner, although a veteran of the Mesopotamian campaign, whose experiences were all the more interesting because they dealt with certain phases of the great war of which America has heard comparatively little, is still quite a young man.

I didn't hear much of the others, except that Prof. Bastianelli, who was mentioned to me as the youngest of the group and a "very big man in Italy," has been serving with the forces of his country ever since Italy entered the war. A thrilling service, truly!

They arrived Sunday night, spent a couple of days hobnobbing with our army and navy surgeons, visiting Walter Reed and the Naval Hospital, and being greeted especially at Walter Reed, in voluble French and Italian by some of the soldiers of the allies who are being built up and put in shape there, and are always delighted to see any one from home; went out to Mount Vernon, of course; were Dr. Martin's guests at a big dinner at the Army and Navy Club; were presented to the President, and left town Wednesday headed first for Fort Ogden, where they were to be the guests for a couple of days of Lieut. Col. Martin at Camp Greenleaf, the medical officers' training camp there; and thence to Rochester, Minn., to see the famous Mayo brothers.

As for the Roman Catholic mission, it was made up of several missions—French, British, and Italian—sent over here primarily to help celebrate Cardinal Gibbons' golden jubilee in the episcopacy. Of course they went to Baltimore first, and took part in the impressive ceremonies there, before coming on to Washington to spend most of the week as the guests of Dr. Shahan at the Catholic University of America. It was a wonderful group of churchmen, made up of men distinguished not merely in the church, but as authors, educators, public spirited and influential citizens,

leaders of thought of their own countries.

The French group was perhaps the most interesting. It brought over the grand cross of the legion, which the French government bestowed on Cardinal Gibbons, on the occasion of his jubilee—the first time, I believe, it has been bestowed on a churchman. The actual presentation, as I understand it, was made by the Belgian Minister, Mr. E. de Cartier de Marchienne, he being asked to do it, rather than a leading member of the French Embassy, that Belgium, whose church has been disrupted and disorganized in the four years of German ascendancy, might have as prominent a part as possible in the celebration. One couldn't help thinking—"if it had been possible for Cardinal Mercier to come over—" What a riot of enthusiasm would have greeted him from all classes and all denominations!

As it was, the party of prelates was entertained and made much of, not only by the Catholic clergy here, but by the Diplomatic Corps—a large proportion of whom are Roman Catholics—and by the cream of Washington generally. I often think with amusement of the comment of a certain Western woman, who had not been in the habit of thinking of the Roman Catholic church as socially important—"Washington's queer. It seems to be really quite smart to be a Roman Catholic. It isn't so back home!"

The relative "smartness" of the denominations was a new idea to me! However, this particular party of Roman Catholics certainly seemed to appeal to "smart" society. And no wonder—consider who they were.

There was Monsignor Eugene Julien, bishop of Arras, and an agrégé of the University of Paris. He has been decorated by King Albert of Belgium for distinguished service. He was chosen orator for the celebration of the fourth anniversary of the battle of the Marne, held at Meaux, the see of Reims. He had with him Monsignor Alfred Baudrillart, vicar general of Paris, and rector of the Catholic University of Paris, and recently elected a member of the French Academy—the forty immortals—succeeding the late Count Albert de Mun. There was M. Charles Guillemin, vicar general of Arras, distinguished man of letters and particularly interesting as having remained in Arras under shell fire during the greater part of the siege.

Then there were the two famous abbés, who from their names would scarcely be taken for Frenchmen—Abbe Klein—dear to American hearts as chaplain of the American hospital at Neuilly; and Abbe Flynn, vice rector of the University of Lille. Both of those have been in America before, and Abbe Patrick Flynn, who was here only last year, has friends stretching from Atlantic to Pacific.

Two of the English members of the party were no less famous—Right Rev. Frederick William Keating, bishop of Northampton (his see by the way includes Sulgrave Manor, ancestral home of the family of George Washington); and Monsignor Arthur Stapleton Barbes, for several years chaplain of the Roman Catholic students at Cambridge, until a few years ago he succeeded the well beloved Father Maturin in the same position at Oxford. Shane Leslie, editor of the Edinburgh Review, completed the British contingent.

Is it any wonder that the Diplomatic Corps as well as the church delighted to honor such a group of men? Without being of their church, there were surely none too proud to do them reverence. The Belgian Legation entertained for them, and the French and British embassies and the French high commission. And Dr. Shahan had a brilliant luncheon in their honor on Thursday, inviting about eighty guests of the cream of the diplomatic and official world, including several of the Cabinet to meet them at the Catholic University out at Brookland. They went through the usual motions of paying their respects to the first President at Mount Vernon, and to the last or rather the latest, at the White House, and on Friday left for Boston.

The French and the British in this clerical party are really two entirely independent groups, each with its own Plans and its own itinerary. Thus while the French group went on to Boston yesterday, the Englishmen remained over Sunday and will not leave Washington until tomorrow. The latter expect to be in America until some time in December. Bishop Keating had hoped to celebrate high mass at St. Patrick's this morning, and professed himself keenly disappointed that the order closing the churches made this impossible. He now plans to return and officiate at the ceremonial Thanksgiving mass at St. Patrick's, which is usually a great international ceremonial, which all the diplomats representing Roman Catholic countries make a point of attending, and at which the official world is largely represented.

If memory serves, last year was the first time that President Wilson had attended one of these Pan-American Thanksgiving masses at St. Patrick's; and I believe he has never attended one of the brilliant luncheons to the cardinal which have generally followed them. In previous administrations the President has occasionally been present at both mass and luncheon. Bishop Keating expects also to assist the cardinal in the celebration of mass on the first Sunday in Advent—December 1. Beyond which he has no plans, or if he has he is not talking about them.

It is curious how completely the various distinguished visitors whom Washington has been entertaining during the past eighteen months vanish from the horizon, and how little one hears of them after they leave the Capital. Of the most recent, I heard the other day of Prince Axel of Denmark as being out on the Pacific Coast—at Seattle or Portland. I forget which—still being made much of by the naval authorities out there, and being feted and entertained by the local magnates.

But it was a distinct surprise to learn that Sir Eric Geddes, and his mission were already safe home again, evidently having lingered only a few days in New York before re-embarking, presumably sailing, as they arrived, under the only British admiralty flag ever seen outside of British territorial waters.

Sir Eric was in New York during the height of the Liberty Loan drive—and shared to some extent in New York's most picturesque campaign. He did some bond selling on October 12—America Day—and also Columbus Day—when he and his party attended one of the New York theaters. And he gave his own particular pct. as a bonus for the biggest individual subscription on one occasion, and it was earned by Florenz Ziegfeld, with a purchase of \$30,000 worth of bonds. Mr. Ziegfeld doubtless cherishes the pencil, but even dearer to his heart is a pleasant little note that Sir Eric wrote him when he learned who had won his pencil.

It was also something of a shock to learn that Admiral Benson and Col. House and his son-in-law, Mr. Gordon Auchincloss, of the State Department, had landed in France—Admiral Benson to represent the navy and Col. House as the President's personal representative at the allied war council. Less than ten days earlier Col. House had been in Washington, the President's guest at the White House, discussing the German "acceptance" (?) of the President's terms, and helping to formulate the reply which was dispatched on October 15. He seems to have gotten over as quickly as he would have in peace time, and to have once more proved the truth of the British Admiralty's assertion that the U-boat menace had degenerated to a mere annoyance.

Again it was a shock, and an unpleasant one, to learn that Maj. Gen. George Barnett had been having the influenza and was in a hospital at Brest, France, where he had had it so badly that pneumonia set in. Fortunately, however, the disease has been checked, and Mrs. Barnett has received word that her husband is very much better. She must have been having rather a worried time of it, for her only son, Lieut. Basil Gordon, has only recently sailed for overseas service. She and her elder daughter, Miss Lelia Gordon, are now at Wakefield Manor, their country home in Virginia; Miss Anne is in Washington.

This "influenza thing" is simply playing hob with every one's plans, especially with wedding plans. Last

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO.

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